

this one day !" " For what reason ? " I asked. " Be-
cause he murdered Isfandyar Khan's father,
and I hate
him/' I asked him if he liked shooting, and
he replied,
" I like shooting men !"

He has done a good deal of fighting, and
has been
shot through the lung, arm, and leg,
besides getting
sword cuts, and he takes some pride in
showing his
wounds. I think he is faithful. Mirza says
that he has
smoothed many difficulties, and has put
many crooked
things straight, without taking any credit
to himself.
His most apparent faults are greed and a sort
of selfish
cunning.

There are many camps about the Gal-i-G-
av, and
crowds, needing very careful watching, are
always about
the tents, wanting to see Feringhi things,
most of the
people never having seen a Feringhi. It is a
novel sight
in the evenings when long lines of brown
sheep in single
file cross the snow-fields, following the
shepherds into
camp.

This Gal-i-Gav on the Kuh-i-Kang marks a
new
departure on the journey, as well as the
establishment of
certain geographical facts. It will be
impossible for the
future to place the source of the Karun in the
Zard Kuh
range, for we followed the stream up to the
Kuh-i-Kang,
or to indulge in the supposition that the
mountains which
lie to the north-west are " covered with
eternal snow,"
which in this latitude would imply heights
from 17,000
to 20,000 feet.

It is indeed a disappointment that, look

where one
may over the great area filled up by huge
rock barriers
and vast mountains, from the softer ridges
bounding the
fiery Persian plains to the last hills in which
the Inner
range descends upon the great alluvial levels
of Khuzistan,
not a peak presents itself in the glittering
snowy mantle
which I have longed to see. Snow in forlorn
patches or